

EPVLÆ THYESTEÆ:

23

OR THE

THANKSGIVING-DINNER:

WHERE

The Devill finds all, Meat, Cooks, Guests, &c.

TOGETHER WITH

THE CITY PRESENT.

ALSO

A Short GRACE after a Long Dinner.

AND

A GOD-SPEED.



LONDON.

Printed in the Yeare, 1649.

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HARVARD-YENCHING

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LONDON  
Printed in the Year 1922



Æ P V L Æ T H Y E S T E Æ :

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The T H A N K S G I V I N G - D I N N E R :

W H E R E

The Devill finds all, Meat, Cooks,  
Guests, &c.

**E**Njoy the Angry Powers: Do, Feast away  
The sense of your high Crimes, & *Judgment-day*:  
Mix your Frontiniack with Lethêan Drops,  
And Crowne your guilty Heads with Poppy tops.  
Errour hath seiz'd, Oblivion seale your Soules;  
And as your Sinnes are deep, so be your Bowles.  
Let the Starv'd *Country* see your riotous Feast,  
Neither with *Grace*, nor *Peace*, nor *Conscience* blest,

Let stupid *England* see the Goblet Crown'd  
Wherein is quaff'd their *Ninety Thousand Pound*  
*Per Menssem*: There we may those Epicures see  
Who've put the Kingdome to an *Atrophie*.

It is a *Collar Day*, *Saint-Traytors Day*,  
Wherein that Pseudo-Martyr *Goodwyn* may,  
Inspir'd by *Lucifer*, give Thanks; and can  
Invert the Words of out-done *Iulian*,

A 2

(Puny



(Puny Apostate, He! oth' Lower Roome!)  
 And say, *The Galilaans overcome*:  
 Yet dare He Text it from the *Bible*, Than  
 When he both Prayes and Preaches *Alchoran*.

There *Peters*, the *Denyer* (nay, 'tis said  
 He, that (Disguis'd) *Cut off his Masters Head*)  
 That Godly Pidgeon of Apostacy,  
 Does buzzè about his Anti-Monarchy:  
 His Scaffold-Doctrines; and such murdering stuffe,  
 Which yet Wounds nought but the affrighted Ruffe  
 Of the Laps'd *Aldermen*; who have made good

\* E. of Strafford was accused for saying,  
 [It would never be well with  
 London, till  
 halfe a dozen  
 Aldermen  
 were hang'd.]

\* *Strafford's* darke Maxim, now well understood:  
 "Twill ne'r be weel with *England*, till we see  
 "The Complement of *Strafford's* Prophecie:  
 "The *truth* is still the same, the *number* more,  
 "Fifteen will but serve now; Six would before.

Sermon being done and *Scripture*; the *Ruffes* fall  
 Fore *CRVMWELL* Bell, and *Dragon* *GENERALL*,  
*Long Live CVSTODES*; that's the Cry. What's He?  
 In *English* thus, *Long Live our SLAVERY*.  
*Custodes* is the style, which *Pluto* lent  
 In speciall Grace unto the *Parliament*,  
 Puzzled what Title to assume: No shame;  
 Father and Sonnes may go by the same Name.  
 For These this Feast is kept, while Orphans cry,  
 And I and *Lilburne* are in *Custody*.

The *Authropophagi* are set: They Feed,  
 "Let them *Feed* on, 'twill be their Time to *Bleed*.

First Course is *Bishops Lands*; A stately Dish,  
 Quoth *OLIVER*, and *Cook'd* unto my Wish.

Next,

Next, in a Charger, *Deanes* and *Chapters* are  
 Plac'd against *Martyn*; 'Tis *Mar-prelates* Fare.  
 Reach that great *Oleo* to the *Generall*,  
 Th' Estates of *poore Delinquents* ; Give't him All.  
*Lenthall* and *St. Johns*, both, are feeding hard on  
 A Glorious Messe; O ! 'tis a generall *Pardon*.  
*Prideaux* is Late come in, and had almost  
 Staying for Packet-money, kifs'd the Post.  
*Mildmay* is for his *Didledam's* ; and ownes  
 No Fare so choice, as that of *pretious Stones* .

" *Goodwyn* and *Peters* at a Table sit,  
 " Eating *Sequestred Livings* at a bit.

But, O ! *Custodes* raile upon the *Cookes*  
 Full fore ; The *King's*, *Queen's*, *Prince's* Lands & *Duke's*  
 Are not enough, their stomachs wamble ; they  
 Feare Their *Digestion*, that They will not stay ;  
 A filthy *Norman Hogo* of a *Nullum*  
*Occurrit Regi*, does like *Stibium* pull 'um.  
 The *Judges* have, in skins of Parchment, boyl'd  
 A *Magna-Charta-Pudding* ; which was spoyl'd  
 And Broke it i'th' Seithing ; that nor *Wild*, nor *Pheasant*  
 Could find one Reason in't, or ought that's pleasant.  
*Nick Oldsworth* in his *Independent* Clothes.  
 Is feeding *PEMBROKE* with a Broth of *Oaths*.

" *BRADSHAW* surveys the *Dishes* and the *Meat*,  
 " And likes All well ; but yet ----- He dares not *Eate*.

Now, for a *Cheese* and for *Digestions* sake  
 The *SEALE* is brought ; and *Atkins* gives a *Cake*.

They're *Fill'd* ; not *Satisfi'd* : They're now for *Wine*.  
 O for a Draught, such as black *Catiline*

Drank to be-sack'd *Rome* ! Heark ! *Nero's* Song,  
 Whil ft the Accur'd Health doth paffe along.

*Viner* the Goblet holds, and *Peters* Fills;  
 And *Goodwyn* Consecrates ; and *CRUMWELL* fwils:  
 The Draught is *CHARLS* his *bloud*, a crimson wine,  
 The Health's [*Confusion to the Royall Line.*] Hall,  
 The Health goes round, Round through the Cur'd  
 "And no Man fees, THE HAND UPON THE WALL.

## THE CITY PRESENT.

A *Bason* and *Ewre* to the Generall,  
 of pure Gold.

A Ccept (Black Sir) this Glorious *Emre*, where we  
 Present, in *Beaten Gold*, like Loyalty:  
 We doe Confesse you high and Fortunate,  
 Or else this Gift had been a *Massy* - Plate.  
 The *Bason* is Antique, a richer show  
 Than *that* the *Jewes* on *Pilate* did bestow.  
 Your services are not much lesse; It stands  
 Ready to Wash Your *Excellent-Murth'rous Hands*,



A *Basen* and Ewre to the Lieut. Gen:  
of pure Silver.

Great Sir, that you may know we have a sense.  
Of your high Parts, and *candid* Innocence,  
With Purest *Silver* we present those Hands  
Made to bring Peace and Blessings on all Lands.  
*Ireland* expects your *Sovereign* Face; and cries,  
Come *Oliver*, or bleeding *Ireland* Dies.

But as you passe by *Windfor*, if your Nose, (close  
Comming neer *CHARLS* his Corps, should ought dis-  
Oh! drop the Bloud in *this*; for 'twas our Plate,  
(From *Bodkins* unto *Basons*) wrought His Fate.

---

A short Grace, after a long Dinner.

We thank thee *Oxford*, thou hast given us *Grace*,  
And made us Doctors of thy *learned* Race.  
We thank thee *London*, eke, each Citizen.  
For Ye have made us more, Great *Gifted* Men.

---

The God speed.

“Go on, impose upon the World, and Awe.  
“All, till the *SECOND* comes and gives *Law*.

F I N I S.